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THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.



PRIMROSE AND VIOLET

THE
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

“In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bawers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.”

HALIFAX:
MILNER AND SOWERBY.

1862.

VAULT
UNDER

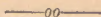
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1862

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.



“The gentle flowers
Retired, and stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.”

ROBERT POLLOK.

OVER what barren spot is it, reader, that the “gentle flowers” shed, with most effect, their sanctifying influence? Is it not over that moral “wilderness,” the heart of man, that they “stoop,” and “*talk* of humility, and peace, and love,” till the stony places become fruitful, and produce abundantly, good thoughts, pure wishes, and holy desires and aspirations; till the sterile waste changes to a garden? It is, and none that have ever truly listened to their eloquent *preaching*, have ever turned away unimproved and uninstructed, for:—

“From the first bud, whose verdant head
 The winter’s lingering tempest braves,
 To those, which ’mid the foliage dead,
 Shrink latest to their annual graves ;
 All are for use, for health, for pleasure given,
 All *speak*, in various ways, the bounteous hand of
 Heaven.”

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

These are the sentiments of a pure mind and a lofty imagination, and the authoress of the following words may well claim sisterhood with her from whom they emanated :—“And who dare say that flowers do not *speak a language*, a clear and intelligible *language* ? Ask WORDSWORTH, for to him they have *spoken*, until they excited ‘thoughts that lie too deep for tears ;’ ask CHAUCER, for he held companionship with them in the meadows ; ask any of the poets, ancient or modern. Observe them, reader, love them, linger over them, and ask your own heart if they do not *speak*, affection, benevolence, and piety ?” In confirmation of this, we also quote some stanzas from another poet, whose volumes, as this authoress truly observes, “are like a beautiful

country, diversified with woods, meadows, heaths, and flower-gardens* :”—

“Bowling adorers of the gale,
Ye cowslips delicately pale,
 Upraise your loaded stems ;
Unfold your cups in splendour *speak!*
Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
 And gilt your golden gems ?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
In purple’s richest pride arrayed,
 Your errand here fulfil ;
Go, *bid* the artist’s simple stain
Your lustre imitate in vain,
 And match your Maker’s skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
 That stud the velvet sod,
Open to Spring’s refreshing air,
In sweetest, smiling bloom, *declare*
 Your Maker, and my God.”

JOHN CLARE.

Verily, it was well said, that “Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these ;” and well was it continued, by a lately depart-

* Flora Domestica,

ed poet, "and Solomon, in all his wisdom never *taught* more wholesome lessons than these silent monitors convey to a thoughtful mind and an understanding heart."* "There are two books," says SIR THOMAS BROWNE, "from whence I collect my divinity; besides that written one of God, another of His servant nature, that universal and public manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. Those who never saw Him in one have discovered Him in another. This was the scripture and thèology of the heathens; the natural motion of the sun made them more admire Him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel; the ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters, than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature."

* Southey.

Oh, yes ! be sure—

“The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent, and he
Who holdeth converse in their *language* pure,
Roaming amid them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,
The Maker there, to teach the listening heart.”

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

“Flowers,” says MR. PHILLIPS,* “formed a principal feature in symbolical *language*, which is the most ancient, as well as the most natural, of all languages.” It was an easy transition, after they had come to be regarded as proofs and manifestations of divine love, goodness, and protection, to make them the signs and symbols of human feelings and passions ; hence hopes, fears, and desires, joys and sorrows, and all the sentiments and emotions which sway and agitate the soul of man, have had their appropriate expression in these mute, yet eloquent letters of the blooming “alphabet of creation :”—

* Flora Historica.

By all those token flowers that *tell*
What words can ne'er express so well."

BYRON.

Sings the poet of our day, adjuring his mistress to believe in his truth and fidelity, and so, though in somewhat different words, might have sung, and very likely did sing, the Israelite of old on the flowery banks of Jordan, the Babylonian in his hanging gardens, or the swarthy son of Egypt, who, kneeling by the mysterious Nile, might have plucked the blossom of the bright nymphœa, and putting it to his lips, and turning to the earthly idol of his adoration, have said :—

“ The lotus flower, whose leaves I now
Kiss silently,
Far more than words can *tell* thee how
I worship thee!”—MOORE.

This may be considered by some of our readers a fanciful theory, but surely it has as good foundations for its support, as many an hypothesis which has attained universal approbation and credit : in a piece entitled

“Floral Ceremonies,” the antiquity of the use of flowers, are fully proved, as ornaments and adjuncts to splendour and enjoyment, on festive and other occasions, and as they were so used and appropriated, we may well believe in their extended application, as symbols of passion and sentiment. But little need we imagine will there be, for *proof* of this ; all who really love flowers ; who delight in them as the sweetest *characters* which appear on the pages of the book of nature, ever spread out for their instruction, will at once coincide in our opinion. and say, without pausing to examine what PLINY has said upon this subject, to decipher the Egyptian hieroglyphics, or to compare the floral alphabet of the effeminate Chinese, with that of the voluptuous Turk, or the more refined and classic Greek,—

“Have not flowers a *language* ? speak, young *rose*,
Speak, bashful sister of the footless dell !
Thy blooming loves—thy sweet regards disclose ;
Oh *speak* ! for many a legend keep’st thou well ;
Tales of old wars—crusading knights who fell,
And bade thee minister their latest sighs !
Speak, grey-haired *daisy* ! ancient *primrose* tell !

Ye vernal harps ! ye sylvan melodies !
Speak poets of the fields ! rapt gazers on the skies !

* * * * *

Ye poetry of woods ! romance of fields !
 Nature's imagination bodied bright !
 Earth's floral page, that high instruction yields !—
 For not, oh, not alone to charm our sight,
 Gave God your blooming forms, your leaves of
 light ?
 Ye *speaks* a language which *we* yet may learn—
 A divination of mysterious might !
 And glorious thoughts may angel eyes discern
 Flower-writ in mead and vale, where'er man's foot-
 steps turn."

CHARLES SWAIN.

"When nature laughs out in all the triumph of spring, it may be said, without a metaphor, that, in her thousand varieties of flowers, we see the sweetest of her smiles ; that, through them, we comprehend the exultation of her joys : and that, by them, she wafts her songs of thanksgiving to the heaven above her, which repays her tribute of gratitude with looks of love. Yes, flowers have their *language*. Theirs is an oratory, that *speaks* in perfumed

silence, and there is tenderness, and passion, and even the light-heartedness of mirth in the variegated beauty of their *vocabulary*. To the poetical mind, they are not mute to each other ; to the pious, they are not mute to their Creator.....No spoken word can approach to the delicacy of sentiment to be inferred from a flower seasonably offered, the softest impression may thus be conveyed without offence, and even profound grief alleviated, at a moment when the most tuneful voice would grate harshly on the ear, and when the stricken soul can be soothed only by unbroken silence."* Thus writes,—

A true professor of the gentle art,
Deep read in that sweet lore, which well he
teaches,
A mystic *language* perfect in each part,
Made up of bright-hued thoughts, and perfumed
speeches ;
A goodly book he hath, wherefrom to draw
His texts and lessons ; on its living pages
We gaze in wonder, not unmixed with awe,
Reading the records of long-vanished ages :
Bright are the characters, and fair the forms,
And sweet the sounds before us, and around us ;

* Language of flowers.

A gentle ardour every bosom warms.

As though a dreamy spell entranced and bound
us,

Hopes and affections, feelings and delights,

In bright embodiment stand out before us,

All that allures the spirit and delights

The soul, while seraph music floateth o'er us.

Oh, wondrous tongue. Oh, *language* of the flow-
ers!

Writ in that volume rich with nature's trea-
sures,

With poesy deep hid in leafy bowers

Thy teacher walks 'mid thickly scattered plea-
sures ;

And down the shady lanes, and in the fields,

And through the garden he his pupil taketh,

Marking each blossom which instruction yields,

And all that in the bosom thought awaketh."

H. G. A.

But let us recur to the words of this "Pro-
fessor of the gentle art," and evidence their
truth by a few examples shewing the effect
of "floral language" upon a mind stricken
with grief. Listen to PHILASTER :—

"I have a boy,

Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,

Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears :
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the hay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me. But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again,
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his
light,
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify ; and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief : And, to my thoughts, did
read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished. I gladly entertained him ,
Who was as glad to follow, and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Thus did the gentle boy mitigate his grief by turning an emblematic wreath into a mute expression of it.

“Give sorrow words : the grief, that does not *speak*,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
break,”

Says Malcom to the bereaved husband and father, in “Macbeth,”—and this poor orphan had hit upon a mode of giving *his* sorrow words, more touching, perhaps, than a more loud and violent utterance could have been. Another bard has given us an example of the power which he attributes to flowers for allaying the tempest of grief, rage, and hate, passions which sometimes meet and struggle for mastery in the human bosom, rendering him whom they controul speechless, and sullen as the cloud before the rattling thunder and the vivid lightning breaks forth, to scathe and destroy. In “The Bride of Abydos,” Selim, after listening to the taunts and reproaches of old Giaffir, stands thus moody and silent, a prey to these contending passions, when :—

“ To him Zuleika's eye was turned,
But little from his aspect learned ;



Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
And watched his eye—it still was fixed :
She snatched the urn, wherein was mixed
The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,
And sprinkled all its odours o'er
The pictured roof and marbled floor :
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal addressed,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too.
'What sullen yet ? it must not be—
Oh ! gentle Selim this from thee ?'
She saw in curious order set
The fairest flower of Eastern land—
'He loved them once—may touch them yet
If offered by Zuleika's hand.'
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the rose was plucked and wreathed ;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet :
This rose, to calm my brother's cares,
A message from the Bulbul bears ;
It *says* to-night he will prolong,
For Selim's ear his sweetest song ;
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try for once a strain more glad,

With some faint hope his altered lay
 May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

* * * * *

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt ;
 He raised the maid from where she knelt ;
 His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
 With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt ;
 With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.”

BYRON.

Let us present our readers with another picture, somewhat similar to the first, only that the grief is here deeper and more irremediable ; a maiden ruined and betrayed, goes mad ; she is a mother without lawful claims on him who should protect her, and her babe is left to perish on “ a hoary cliff that watched the sea,” and so,—

“ She lived on alms, and carried in her hand
 Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring ;
 When any asked the cause, she smiled and said
 They were her sisters, and would come and watch
 Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
 Of her deceased father, mother, home,
 Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God, but still

In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
Upon the withered stalks, and *talked* to them ;
Till wasted to the shadow of her youth,
With woe too wide to see beyond, she died."

POLLOCK

These withered stalks were to her as beautiful and full of perfume as when they were first plucked, and she regarded them as the friends of her youth, *talking* to them, and receiving answers—words of love and affection. We are here reminded of poor Ophelia, who in her madness made "fantastic garlands"

"Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples."

Of which it has been observed that they are all emblematic flowers, the first signifying *Fair Maid*; the second, *stung to the quick*; the third, *her virgin bloom*; the fourth, *under the cold hand of death*; and the whole being wild flowers, might denote the *bewildered state of her faculties*.

"It would be difficult," says the author of this observation, "to find a more emblematic wreath for this interesting victim of disappoint-

ed love and filial sorrow." This is only one of many instances in which our greatest poet has displayed his fondness for flowers, and his delicate appreciation of their uses and similitudes. We have another in the "Winter's Tale," where he makes Perdita give flowers to her visitors appropriate to, and symbolical of, their various ages. See Act 4, Scene 3.

The mystical Language of Flowers, as applied to the passions and sentiments, appears to have had its rise in those sunny regions where the rose springs spontaneously from its native soil, and the jessamine and the tuberose fill with beauty and perfume alike the garden and the wilderness:—

“ Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
 shine,
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with
 perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom ;
 Where the citron and orange are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the
 sky
 In colours though varied, in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;

Where the virgins are soft, as the roses they
twine,

And all, save the spirit of man is divine?"

BYRON.

"Certainly," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine* of 1818, "the influence of this land of the sun has been felt by the pilgrims from our colder climes, and they have presented to us a pleasing fable in the *Language of Flowers*, and our imaginations have received with delight the descriptions and interpretations with which we have been favoured from time to time. We have dwelt on, till we have become enamoured of the delicate mode of expressing the rise and progress of love by the gift of the tender rose-bud, or the full-blown flower. We have pitied the despair indicated by a present of myrtle interwoven with cypress and poppies, and we believe that these emblems will never cease to convey some similar sentiments, wherever poetry is cultivated or delicacy understood."—The same author continues, "But," Oh, reader, mark that "but," 'tis a frightful word, is it not? ever coming to dissipate some bright dream, to scare some

beautiful phantom of the imagination from our presence, and to guide our wandering feet back into the world of cold reality, where—

“ The mute expression of sweet nature’s voices,
Are drowned amid the turmoil of life’s noises ;
Where thoughts of fear and darkness come un-
bidden,

Aud love and hope are into silence ehidden.”

H. G. A.

“ But we fear that the Turkish ‘ Language of Flowers,’ which Lady Montague first made popular in this country, has little claim to so refined an origin, as either purity or the delicacy of passion. We had been taught to believe that it served as a means of communication between the prisoners of the harem and their friends or lovers without ; but how could it be thus used, when the emblematic nosegay must convey as much intelligence to the guardians and fellow prisoners of one of the parties as to the party herself ? The truth appears to be that the ‘ Language of Flowers’ and other inanimate objects has arisen in the idleness of the harem, from the desire of

amusement and variety which the ladies shut up there, without employment, and without culture, must feel. It answers the purpose of enigmas, the solution of which amuses the vacant hours of the Turkish ladies, and is founded on a sort of *erambo* or *boua rime* of which M. HAMMER has given not less than an hundred specimens." We quote one of the specimens given by this ingenious Frenchman, in the Turkish and English languages :—

“Armonde—wer bana bir Ominde.”

“Pear—let me not Despair.”

This, though not strictly floral, is the most manageable as regards the translation that could be hit upon, and we have therefore chosen it. Sometimes a word has various meanings, as various sentences rhyme with it ; for instance :

“Rose—you smile, but still my anguish grows,
Rose—for thee my heart with love still glows.”

Sometimes a double rhyme belongs to a single word, as :—

“Tea—You are both sun and moon to me,
Your’s is the light by which I see.”

And oftentimes two flowers combined may form a stanzas, as :—

“The opening *rose*-bud shows how pure
My love for thee, thou charming maid ;
The *pink*, alas ! thy proud disdain,
With which my ardent passion’s paid.”

By the above- examples, it will be seen that there is nothing on earth, in air or water, to which a meaning may not be attached, but these meanings are very arbitrary, depending more upon the sound of words, which will rhyme with the object named, than on any real or fancied similarity of significance in their nature or properties. But what a heresy is it to call this system of arbitrary meanings the “Language of Flowers;” what a departure from that only true faith, the principal tenet of which is a firm and fervent belief in the significance of nature ! If God speaks in the elements—and who shall doubt?—if the winds, and the waves, and the loud rattling thun-

ders testify of his power and majesty, do not the forest trees also, and the grasses of the fields, and the beautiful blossoms which adorn like living gems, the bosom of the earth,—have not these *voices*—voices of instruction, and reproof, and sympathy, and love, and all that is most gentle and benign? Assuredly they have! Let us then look upon them not as mere playthings of an idle hour,—as gauds and decorations for the frivolous and vain, but as something too sacred to be made the symbols of false sentiments and feigned, or evil passions. But reverently address them thus:—

“Ye flowers of beauty, pencilled by the hand
Of God, who annually renews your birth,
To gem the virgin robes of nature chaste,
Ye smiling-featured daughters of the sun!
Fairer than queenly bride by Jordan’s stream.
Leading your gentle lives retired, unseen,
Or on the sainted cliffs of Zion’s hill
Wandering, and holding with the heavenly dews
In holy revelry, your nightly loves,
Watched by the stars, and offering every morn
Your incense grateful both to God and man.”

POLLOK.

Truly the *real* "Language of Flowers" is no system of unmeaning similitudes ; there is a deeper significance attached to every plant and flower, indeed to every object in nature, than the mere sensualist or shallow sentimentalist would imagine ; and here are the words of one who has studied them deeply, and knows that they are *types* and *characters* of the glorious revelation, second only to that direct one which God has given us in the Bible. What says he ?—

" Listen to the words of wisdom,
Uttered by the tongue of truth,
Tottering age and manly vigour,
Listen ye—and smiling youth."—H. G. A.

" Books are great and glorious agents of civilization and happiness. They are the silent teachers of mankind, filling the mind with wisdom, and strengthening the understanding for the strife of action ; making us powerful and gentle, wise and humble, at the same time. But we cannot be always buried in our books ; we must sometimes go out into the sunshine, and it is necessary, in order to en-

joy our books, that we should also enjoy the privilege of air and light, drinking in health and vigour, to enable us to make the best and most profitable use of our sedentary hours. In direct opposition then to books, or rather in secret combination with them, we would place flowers—the *out-of-door books* Nature has so liberally provided for us, in so rich a variety of types and bindings, as to leave us no excuse for not gratifying our individual tastes. The lover of flowers has this advantage over the lover of books, that he can never be at a loss for variety; but we suspect the classification is somewhat arbitrary, and that there is hardly any one who loves the one, who does not also love the other. The best way to enjoy either is to enjoy both; to take them alternately, so that they may relieve and show off each other to the best advantage. A walk in an open field, and one hour spent in gathering wild flowers, to be afterwards grouped into a vase upon the library table, is by no means the least suggestive preparation for a morning's reading."—Yes, and then, as we inhale their balmy freshness, and look upon their beautiful hues, we shall think of the

spots in which we have gathered them, and our spirits will become invigorated, our thoughts more penetrating, and our minds strengthened for the work before us :—

“ Come, let us make a sunny world around thee
 Of thought and beauty! Here are books and
 flowers,
 With spells to loose the fetter which hath bound
 thee—
 The ravell'd coil of this world's feverish hours.

The soul of song is in these deathless pages,
 Even as the odour in the flower enshrin'd ;
 Here the crown'd spirits of departed ages
 Have left the silent melodies of mind.

* * * *

Listen, oh, listen! let their high words cheer
 thee!
 Their swan-like music ringing through all
 woes ;
 Let my voice bring their holy influence near
 thee—
 The Elysian air of their divine repose !

Or, would'st thou turn to earth? *Not* earth all
furrowed

By the old traces of man's toil and care,
But the green peaceful world, that never sorrowed,
The world of leaves, and dews, and summer air.

Look on these flowers! As o'er an altar shedding
O'er Milton's page, soft light from coloured
urns!

They are the links, man's heart to nature wed-
ding,

When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest-dingles,
Fresh bank of many a low-voiced hidden
stream,

Where the sweet star of eve looks down, and
mingles

Faint lustre with the water-lily's gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play in glad-
ness

Covering the turf with pearly blossom-showers;
Too richly dowered, oh! friend are we for sad-
ness,—

Look on an empire—mind and nature—ours!"

MRS. HEMANS.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

IN Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and
cares ;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden
bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The Rose is a sign of Joy and Love,—
Young blushing Love in its earliest dawn ;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven ;
Fame's bright star and Glory's swell,
In the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,
In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes ;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of Evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress that daily shades the grave,
Is Sorrow that mourns her bitter lot ;
And Faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves—Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bow-
ers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

TEACH thee their language ? sweet, I know no
tongue,
No mystic art those gentle things declare,
I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
Created things so delicate and rare :

Their language ? Prythee ! why they are them-
selves

But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and
hue,

The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
When tenderness as yet within the world
was new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—

Now bent to earth, to heaven now meekly
pleading,

Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,

Yet still from earth with freshning hope re-
ceding—

Say, do not these to every heart declare,

With all the silent eloquence of truth,

The language that they speak is Nature's
prayer,

To give her back those spotless days of
youth ?

THE ALBANIAN LOVE-LETTER.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

AN exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honied kiss,
This art of writing *billet-doux*
In buds, and odours, and bright hues,—
In saying all one feels and thinks,
In clever daffodils and pinks,
Uttering (as well as silence may)
The sweetest words the sweetest way :
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,
The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.

How charming in some rural spot,
Combining *love* with *garden* plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers,
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies ;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhet'ric of carnations ;

Seeing how far one's stocks will reach ;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos.

A letter comes just gathered, we
Doat on its tender brilliancy ;
Inhale its delicate expression
Of balm and pea ; and its confession,
Made with as sweet a maiden blush
As ever morn bedew'd in bush ;
And then, when we have kissed its wit,
And heart, in water putting it,
To keep its remarks fresh, go round,
And with delighted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose and of violet,
And little darling (mignonette) ;
And gratitude and polyanthus,
And flowers that say, " Felt never man thus !"

THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY MRS. CORBOLD.

COME buy, come buy my mystic flowers,
All ranged with due consideration,
And culled in fancy's fairy bowers,
To suit each age and every station.

For those who late in life would tarry,
I've *Snowdrops*, winter's children cold ;
And those who seek for wealth to marry,
May buy the flaunting *Marigold*.

I've *Ragwort*, *Ragged Robins*, too,
Cheap flowers for those of low condition ;
For *Bachelors* I've *Buttons* blue ;
And *Crown Imperials* for ambition.

For sportsmen keen, who range the lea,
I've *Pheasant's Eye*, and sprigs of *Heather* ;
For courtiers with the supple knee,
I've *Parasites* and *Prince's-Feather*.

For thin, tall fops, I keep the *Rush*,
 For peasants still am *Nightshade* weeding ;
 For rakes, I've *Devil-in-the-Bush*,
 For sighing Strephons, *Love-lies-Bleeding*.

But fairest blooms affection's hand
 For constancy and worth disposes,
 And gladly weaves at your command,
 A wreath of *Amaranths* and *Roses*.

TO VICTORIA.

BY MISS LANDON.

V—IOLET, grace of the vernal year,
 Offered be thou to this spring-like reign,
 Is not thy tint to that Lady dear,
 Whose banner of blue is the lord of the
 main ?

I—vy, we twine of changeless green,
 Constant for ever in leaf and bough ;
 So may the heart of our gentle queen,
 Be always verdant and fresh as now.

C—arnation, laced with many a streak
Of blooming red on its leaflets bright,
May be a type of her mantling cheek,
Blent with a brow of pearly white.

T—ansy, though humble an herb it be,
Look not upon it with scornful eye;
On virtue that lurks in low degree,
A glance should fall kind from those on
high.

O—live, thy branch, dove-borne, o'er the
foam,
Was a sign for the surges of death to cease;
So from the lips of our dove should come
The soft, but the sure command of peace.

R—oses of England, ceasing from fight,
Twine round her brow, in whose veins are
met
The princely blood those roses unite
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet.

I—ris, to thee, the maid of the bow
That promises hope her name has given ;
Join then the wreath at her feet we throw,
Who beams as a symbol of hope from
Heaven.

A—nemone, flower of the wind, is the last
We cull, and our garland is now complete ;
Gentle the current, and soft be the blast,
Which VICTORIA the queen of the ocean
shall meet.

LINES ON FLOWERS.

BY PATTERSON.

FLOWERS are the brightest things which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish ;
Gay they appear as children's mirth,
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

In every clime, in every age,
Mankind have felt their pleasing sway ;
And lays to them have deck'd the page
Of moralist—and minstrel gay.

By them the lover tells his tale,
They can his hopes his fears express ;
The maid, when words or looks would fail,
Can thus a kind return confess.

They wreath the harp at banquets tried,
With them we crown the crested brave ;
They deck the maid—adorn the bride—
Or form the chaplets for her grave,

THE POSIE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

O LOVE will venture in where it daurna weel
be seen ;
O Love will venture in where wisdom aince
has been ;
But I will down yon river, among the woods
sae green,—
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The Primrose I will pu', the firstling of the
year,

And I will pu' the Pink, the emblem o' my
dear ;

For she's the *pink* o' woman kind, and blooms
without a peer—

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I will pu' the budding Rose, when Phœbus
peeps in view,

For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie
mou' ;

The Hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its un-
changing blue—

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The Lily it is pure, and the Lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the Lily
there ;

The Daisy for simplicity, and unaffected
air—

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The Hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o'
siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break
o' day ;
But the songster's nest within the bush, I
winna tak away—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The Woodbine I will pu' when the evening
star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her
een sae clear ;
The Violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's
to wear—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band
of love.
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear
by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band
shall ne'er remove—
And this shall be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE DIALOGUE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHRISTINE DE PISES.

L' Amant.

I SELL to thee the Autumn Rose
Let it say how dear thou art ;
All my lips dare not disclose,
Let it whisper to thy heart ;
How Love draws my soul to thee,
Without language thou may'st see.

La Dame.

I sell to thee the Aspen-leaf,
'Tis to show I tremble still,
When I muse on all the grief
Love can cause, if false or ill :
How too many have believed,
Trusted long and been deceived.

L' Amant.

I sell to thee a Rosary,
 Proving I am only thine ;
By its sacred mystery,
 I to thee each thought resign :
Fairest, turn thee not away,
Let thy love my faith repay.

La Dame.

I sell to thee a Parrot bright,
 With each colour of the sky,
Thou art formed to charm the sight,
 Learned in softest minstrelsy ;
But to love I am unknown,
Nor can understand its tone.

L' Amant.

I sell to thee a faded Wreath,
 Teaching thee, alas ! too well,
How I spent my latest breath,
 Seeking all my truth to tell ;
But thy coldness bade me die
Victim of thy cruelty.

La Dame.

I sell to thee the Honey-flower,
Courteous, best, and bravest knight,
Fragrant in the summer shower,
Shrinking from the sunny light :
May it not an emblem prove
Of untold, but tender love ?

HOLY FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Mindful of the pious festivals which our church prescribes, I have sought to make these charming objects of floral nature, the *time-pieces of my religious calendar*, and the mementoes of the hastening period of my mortality. Thus I can light the taper to our Virgin Mother on the blowing of the white snow-drop, which opens its floweret at the time of Candlemas ; the lady's smock, and the daffodil, remind me of the Annunciation ; the blue harebell, of the Festival of St. George ; the ranunculus of the Invention of the Cross ; the scarlet lychnis, of St. John the Baptist's day ; the

white lily, of the Visitation of our Lady ; and the Virgin's bower, of her Assumption ; and Michaelmas, Martimas, Holyrood, and Christmas, have all their appropriate monitors. I learn the time of the day from the shutting of the blossoms of the Star of Jerusalem and the Dandelion, and the hour of the night by the stars.

A FRANCISCAN.

Ah ! simple-hearted piety,
In former days such flowers could see
The peasant, wending to his toil,
Beheld him deck the leafy soil ;
They sprung around his cottage door ;
He saw them on the heathy moor ;
Within the forest's twilight glade,
Where the wild deer its covert made ;
In the green vale remote and still,
And gleaming on the ancient hill.
The days are distant now—gone by
With the old times of minstrelsy ;
When all unblest with written lore,
Were treasured up traditions hoar ;
And each still lake and mountain lone,
Had a stern legend of its own ;
And hall, and cot, and valley-stream,
Were hallowed by the minstrel's dream.

Then, musing in the woodland nook
Each flower was as a written book,
Recalling, by memorial quaint,
The holy deed of martyred saint ;
The patient faith, which, unsubdued,
Grew mightier, tried through fire and blood :
One blossom, 'mid its leafy shade,
The virgin's purity pourtrayed ;
And one, with cup all crimson dyed,
Spoke of a Saviour crucified ;
And rich the store of holy thought
The little forest-flower brought,
Doctrine and miracle whate'er
We draw from books, was treasured there :
Faith, in the wild woods tangled bound,
A blessed heritage had found ;
And Charity and Hope were seen
In the lone isle, and wild ravine.
Then pilgrims, through the forest brown,
Slow journeying on from town to town,
Halting 'mong mosses green and dank,
Breathed each a prayer before he drank
From waters by the pathway side ;
Then duly, morn and eventide,
Before these ancient crosses grey,

Now mould'ring silently away,
Aged and young devoutly bent
In simple prayer—how eloquent !
For each good gift man then possessed
Demanded blessing, and was blest.

What though in our pride's selfish mood
We hold those times as dark and rude,
Yet give we, from our wealth of mind,
Most grateful feeling, or refined ?
And yield we unto Nature aught
Of loftier, or of holier thought,
Than they who gave sublimest power
To the small spring, and simple flower ?

DEVOTIONAL EXCITEMENTS.

BY WORDSWORTH.

WHERE will they stop, those breathing Powers,
The spirits of the new-born flowers ?
They wander with the breeze, they wind
Where'er the streams a passage find ;
Up from the native ground they rise
In mute, aerial harmonies,

From humble violet, modest thyme
 Exhaled, the essential odours elimb,
 As if no space below the sky
 Their subtle flight could satisfy :
 Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride,
 If like ambition be *their* guide.

* * * * *

THE FLOWER SPIRITS.

ANON.

WE are the spirits that dwell in the flowers ;
 Ours is the exquisite music that flies,
 When silence and moonlight reign over the
 bowers,
 That bloom in the glory of tropical skies.
 We woo the bird with his melody glowing,
 To leap in the sunshine and warble its
 strain ;
 And ours is the odour, in turn, that bestow-
 ing,
 The songster is paid for his music again.

There dwells no sorrow where we are abiding ;
Care is a stranger, and troubles us not ;
And the winds, as they pass, when too hastily
riding,

We woo, and they tenderly glide o'er the
spot.

They pause, and we glow in their rugged
embracees,

They drink our warm breath, rich with odour
and song.

Then hurry away to their desolate places,
And look for us hourly, and think of us
long.

Who of the dull earth that is moving around
us

Would ever imagine, that, nursed in a rose,
At the opening of Spring our destiny found us
Close prisoned, until the first bud should
unclose ;

Then, as the dawning of light breaks upon us,
Our ringlets of silk we unfold to the air,
And leap off in joy to the music that won us,
And made us the tenants of climates so fair.

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

WHEN earth was in its golden prime,
Ere grief or gloom had marred its hue,
And Paradise, unknown to crime,
Beneath the love of angels grew,
Each flower was then a spirit's home,
Each tree a living shrine of song ;
And, oh ! that ever hearts could roam,—
Could quit for sin that seraph throng !

But there the spirit lingers yet,
Though dimness o'er our visions fall ;
And flowers that seem with dew-drops wet,
Weep angel-tears for human thrall ;
And sentiments and feelings move
The soul, like oracles divine ;
And hearts that ever bowed to love,
First found it by the flowers' sweet shrine.

A voiceless eloquence and power,
Language that hath in life no sound,
Still haunts, like Truth, the spirit-flower
And hallows even Sorrow's ground.
The wanderer gives it Memory's tear.
Whilst Home seems pictured on its leaf ;
And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,
Come o'er him—beautiful as brief.

'Tis not the bloom, though wild or rare,
It is the spirit power within,
Which melts and moves our souls, to share
The Paradise we here might win.
For heaven itself around us lies,
Not far, nor yet our reach beyond.
And we are watched by angels' eyes,
With hope and faith still fond.

I well believe a spirit dwells
Within the flower ! least changed of all,
That of the passed Immortal tells—
The glorious meads before man's fall ;
Yet, still, though I should never see
The mystic grace within it shine—
Its essence is sublimity,
Its feeling all divine.

FIELD FLOWERS.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem
Man's frailty to pourtray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away ;
Teach this, and—oh ! though brief your reign
Sweet flowers ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow ;
Go, and to busy mankind *breathe*
What most he fears to know ;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And *tell* him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,
Ye *breathe* those truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay,
Have ye no *words* of cheer ?
Oh, yes ! we weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying ;
And softly *spe*ak, nor *spe*ak in vain,
Of the long sleep and broken chain.

And *say*, that he who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and his power ;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

FLORAL CEREMONIES.

“Bring, FLORA, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year,
And let me thence a garland frame.”

SHENSTONE.

“THE worship of FLORA,” says MR. PHILLIPS, among the heathen nations, may be traced up to very early days. She was the object of religious veneration among the Procians and the Sabines, long before the foundation of Rome; and the early Greeks worshipped her under the name of CHLORIS. The Romans instituted a festival in honour of FLORA as early as the time of Romulus, as a kind of rejoicing at the appearance of the blossoms, which they welcomed as the harbingers of fruits. The festival games of FLORALIA were not, however, regularly instituted until five hundred and sixteen years after the founda-

tion of Rome, when on consulting the celebrated books of the Sybil, it was ordained that the feast should be annually kept up on the 28th day of April, that is four days before the calends of May."—Bounteous May!—

“ Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.”

As MILTON sings, but we shall have much to say of our modern “Feast of Flowers,” which, doubtless had its origin in that above spoken of, and which was introduced by the Roman conquerors into Britain.

“ O! fairest of the fabled forms ; that stream,
Dressed by wild Fancy, through the poets dream,
Still may thy attributes of leaves and flowers,
Thy gardens rich, and shrub o’ershadowed bowers,
And yellow meads, with spring’s first honours
 bright,
The child’s gay heart, and frolic step invite ;
And while the careless wanderer explores
Th’ umbrageous forest or the rugged shores,
Climbs the green down or roams the broom-clad
 waste,
May Truth and Nature form his future taste !

Goddess ! on youth's blest hours thy gifts bestow ;
 Bind the fair wreath on virgin Beauty's brow,
 And still may Fancy's brightest flowers be wove
 Round the gold chains of hymeneal love."

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

It is thus that an English poetess apostrophizes the Goddess FLORA, who according to classical authority, was "married to ZEPHYRUS, and received from him the privilege of presiding over flowers and enjoying perpetual youth."—She was represented by OVID and others as crowned with flowers, and holding in her hand the horn of plenty ; perhaps we can find her portait among our collection of poetic beauties. Ah ! here it is !—

"The vision comes !—while slowly melt away
 Night's hovering shades before the eastern ray,
 Ere yet declines the morning's humid star,
 Fair Fancy brings her ; in her leafy car
 Flora descends to dress the expecting earth,
 Awake the germs, and call the buds to hirth ;
 Bids each hybernacle its cell unfold,
 And open silken leaves and eyes of gold.

Of forest foliage, of the firmest shade,
 Enwove by magie hands, the car was made ;
 Oak and the maple plane without entwined,
 And beech and ash the verdant concave lined ;

The saxifrage, that snowy flowers emboss,
Supplied the seat ; and of the mural moss
The velvet footstool rose, where lightly rest
Her slender feet in cypripedium dressed.
The tufted rush that bears a silken crown,
The floating feathers of the thistle's down,
In tender hues of rainbow lustre dyed,
The airy texture of her robe supplied ;
And wild convolvuli, yet half unblown,
Formed, with their wreathing buds, her simple
zone ;
Some wandering tresses of her radiant hair
Luxuriant floated on the enamoured air ;
The rest were by the scandix points confined,
And graeced, a shining knot, her head behind—
While as a spectre of supreme command,
She waved the anthoxanthum in her hand."

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

We wish that our space permitted us to quote the description of the attendants of the beautiful Goddess of Flowers from the same poem, and the exquisite forms of perfumed loveliness which the earth and the waters put forth to welcome her approach, but the poet of Lusitania is waiting to tell us how,—

" ZEPHYR and FLORA emulous conspire
 To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire ;
 The one gives healthful freshness, one the hue,
 Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.
 Pale as the lovesick hopeless maid they dye
 The modest violet ; from the curious eye :
 The modest violet turns her gentle head,
 And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed :
 Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn,
 The snow-white lily glitters o'er the lawn ;
 Lo ! from the bough reclines the damask rose,
 And o'er the lily's milk-white bosom glows ;
 Fresh in the dew, far o'er the painted dales,
 Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales."

CAMOENS.

We must now pause to describe how

" POMONA, fired with rival envy, views
 The glaring pride of FLORA'S darling hues,"

And endeavours to outvie their beauty and
 fragrance with her own luscious productions,
 but turn to the author of " the Task,"—Listen
 to *him* !—Oh, lady readers !—

The spleen is seldom felt where FLORA reigns,
 The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
 And sullen sadness that o'ershade, distort,
 And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
 For such immeasurable woe appears :

These FLORA banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her
own."

COWPER.

From the ROMAN ANTIQUITIES we learn, that
"Among the Latins, a bride on her wedding-
day was dressed in a long white robe with a
purple fringe; her face was covered with a
red veil, and her head was crowned with flow-
ers. On arriving at the house of her husband,
she found woollen fillets round the door-posts
which were adorned with flowers, and anoint-
ed with the fat of wolves to avert enchant-
ment."

"I oft have seen upon a bridal day,
Full many maids clad in their best array,
In honour of the bride, come with their flaskets
Filled full of flowers; others in wicker baskets.
Bring from the marish rushes to o'erspread
The ground, whereon to church the lovers tread;
Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the train
Ushers the way with many a piping strain."

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Says our old pastoral poet, in allusion to this
custom, as still followed in comparatively

modern times, though to us the period of which he writes may be spoken of as "long, long ago." In a similar strain sings DRAYTON, who gives a picturesque description of the Marriage of the Thames and Isis. Another of the Company of Singers of the Elizabethan era, makes this playful allusion in his Epithalamium :—

"Now busie maydens, strew sweet flowres,
 Much like our bride in virgin state,—
 Now fresh, then prest, soone dying ;
 The death is sweet, and must be yours,
 Time goes on crutches till that date,
 Birds fledged must needs be flying."

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

Then again, in the play of "the Two Noble Kinsmen," we find a very sweet bridal-song, beginning thus :—

"Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
 Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their hue ;
 Maiden-pinks, of odours taint,
 Daises, smell-less, yet most quaint,
 And sweet rhyme true.

“ Primrose, first-born child of ver,
Merry spring-time’s harbinger,
 With her bells dim ;
Oxlips, in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing ,
 Lark-heels trim

“ All dear Nature’s children sweet,
Lye ’fore bride and bridegroom’s feet,
 Blessing their sense !
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or hird fair,
 Be absent hence.”

FLETCHER.

Even at the present day, it is quite customary with us to strew the path of the bride and bridegroom with flowers, and to offer them nosegays as they come from church : and in Wales, as in some of our rural districts, where the primitive observances have been better preserved, wreaths and garlands are worn on such occasions, and even suspended in the place of worship itself ; and to those who condemn this practice as unchristianlike, we should say in the words of BISHOP HEBER, “ If this be heathenish, Heaven help the wicked ! But I hope you will not suspect

that I shall lend any countenance to this kind of ecclesiastical tyranny (which would forbid such rites and observances,) or consent to men's consciences being burdened with restrictions foreign to the cheerful Spirit of the Gospel." This was written in reference to the denouncement of a certain crown of flowers used in marriages, as "a device of Satan," and a desire expressed by an over-jealous professor of Christianity, to excommunicate some young persons for wearing masks, and acting in some private rustic theatricals.

As the Greeks and Romans were lavish of flowers at their weddings, so do the modern Italians delight to use them on such occasions. Here is a picture of the preparation for a wedding at Florence, drawn by a poetic pencil :—

———" I stopped beneath the walls
Of San Mark's old cathedral halls.
I entered, and beneath the roof,
Ten thousand wax-lights burned on high,
And incense from the censurs fumed
As for some great solemnity
The white robed choristers were singing ;
Their cheerful peals the bells were ringing ;

Their deep voiced music floated round,
As the far arches sent forth sound—
The stately organ :—and fair bands
Of young girls, strewed with lavish hands,
Violets o'er the mosaic floor :
And sang while scattering the sweet store."

L. E. L.

Let us now take our readers to a northern clime, where the mighty heart of Nature yet beats warmly beneath her rugged exterior, and the bright flowers opened their perfumed chalices in the green valley, heedless of the snow-coloured mountains which frown upon them on every side :—To Sweden, where "from the bank of the river nearest Semb, a little fleet of gaily decorated boats is pushing off. In the principal boat sits the lady of Semb, her eyes turned with quiet enjoyment now on the beautiful scenes of Nature, now on the still more beautiful objects that are nearer to her—two happy human beings. Beside her, more like a little angel than a child, sits the little Hulda ; a garland of gay flowers twined among her golden locks. But the looks of all were turned upon the bride and bridegroom ; and they were, indeed, beautiful

to look upon, So inwardly happy did they seem. Other boats contained the wedding guests. The men who rowed had all garlands on their yellow straw hats, and thus to the sounds of gay music they passed on to the chapel. This was a simple building, with no other ornament than a beautiful altar picture, and the flowers and branches of trees, with which the walls and floor were decorated in honour of the occasion."* Yes!—

“’Tis a morn for a bridal, the merry bride bell
Tolls out through the woodland that skirts the
chapel.”

Do you not hear it ringing? Do you not see the gay procession pass onward? and are you not aware of a delicious perfume emanating from the flowers which bestrew the way, and garlands of the merry company :—

“But other lands and other floral rites,
The thought poetic, and the pen invites.”

* Bremer's “Strife and Peace.”

In Eastern nations flowers and perfumes have been considered one of the indispensable enjoyments of the higher classes of society, from the remotest antiquity. From those nations the Romans appear to have borrowed this delicate refinement, and to have carried it to the utmost excess in their costly entertainments. They soon began to consider flowers as forming a very essential article in their festal preparations; and it is the opinion of BACCIUS, that, at their desserts, the number of their flowers far exceeded that of their fruits. The odour of flowers was thought to arouse the fainting appetite, and it certainly must have added an ethereal enjoyment to the grosser pleasure of their banquetting boards:

“Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal
board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the
rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.”

HEMANS.

Flowers were not only used as a stimulus to the palate, or that two senses might be gratified at one time, but it was thought that certain plants and flowers facilitated the functions of the brain, and assisted materially to neutralize the inebriating qualities of wine. Even the warriors did not hesitate to crown themselves with flowers during their principal repast. These observations are equally applicable to the Greeks, as to the Romans :—

“ Soft went the music the soft air along,
While fluent Greek, a vowel'd under-song,
Kept up among the guests, discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow,
But when the happy vintage touch'd their brains
Louder they talk'd, and louder came the strains.

* * * * *

Soon was god Bacchus at meridian height,
Flush'd with their cheeks and bright eyes double
bright,
Garlands of every green, and every scent,
From vales deflow'rd, or forest trees branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osier gold were brought,
High as the handles heaped, to suit the thought

Of every guest ; that each, as he did please,
Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillowed at his
ease."

KEATS.

HORACE, it seems, could not sit down to his bachelor's glass of wine without his garland. This lively little ode occurs at the conclusion of his first book ;—

" I tell thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast,
Not for me the Linden's rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind.
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows ;
But beneath the mantling vine,
While I quaff the flowing wine,
The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait and I carouse."

TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS.

"The allusion to Persia in this ode," says PHILLIPS, "confirms our idea, that the taste for flowers came to Rome from the East ; garlands were suspended at the gates or in the temples, where feasts or solemn rejoicings were held, and at all places where public joy

and gaiety were desired ;” thus, in the play of “ All for Love,” SERAPIM says—

“ Set before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurels crowned ; with laurels wreath your
posts,
And strew with flowers the pavement ; let the
priest
Do present sacrifice ! pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness.”
DRYDEN.

And again, in “ the Distrest Mother,” we find an allusion to the floral decorations which it was customary to place in the hands of victims in the ancient sacrifices, at which the priests also appeared crowned with flowers :—

“ Thus the gay victim with fresh garlands crowned,
Pleased with the sacred pipe’s enlivening sound,
Through gazing crowds, in solemn state proceeds,
And dressed in fatal pomp magnificently bleeds.”
PHILLIPS.

“ In the annual festivals of the *Terminalia*, the peasants were all crowned with garlands of flowers,” says CICERO, and from “ Irving’s

Antiquities," we learn that "sacrifices among the Romans were of different kinds ; the place erected for offerings was called *ara* or *altare*, an altar ; it was erected with leaves and grass, adorned with flowers, and bound with woollen fillets." And this author further tells us, that "in the triumphal processions of Rome the streets were strewed with flowers, and the altars smoked with incense." Let us now take a picture of one of these Roman triumphs ; speaking of the Conqueror, the poet says,—

"He comes, and with a port so proud,
As if he had subdued the spacious world ;
And all Sinope's streets were filled with such
A glut of people, you would think some god
Had conquered in their cause, and them thus
ranked,
That he might make his entrance on their heads !
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,
Are cast such gaudy showers of garlands down,
That e'en the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow
Set all with flowers as a clear heaven with stars."

NATHANIEL LEE.

Here is another by a modern hand :—

“ Throughout the city joyful shouts resound,
 The gates are garlanded, the columns bound
 With victor laurels, while from lovely hands
 Sweet flowers are showered upon the martial
 bands

As in glad pomp the prond processions march
 Through many a fair arcade and trophied arch.”

AGNES STRICKLAND.

And yet one more ; it is by T. B. MACAULEY ; we are still at the “ Seven hilled city” in the time of her pristine vigour, ere she had become luxurious and effeminate : hark at the *Io triumphe* which swells upon the gale ! Hark to the shouts of the multitude, and the pealing of the silver-throated trumpets ! It is the feast of the twin brothers, CASTOR and POLLUX, who won for Rome the battle of the Lake Regillus :—

“ Ho, trumpets, sound a war note !

Ho, lictors clear the way !

The knights will ride, in all their pride,

Along the streets to-day.

To-day the doors and windows

Are hung with garlands all,

From Castor, in the Forum,

To Mars without the wall,

Each knight is robed in purple,
 With olive each is crowned ;
 A gallant war-horse under each
 Paws haughtily the ground.

* * * * *

On ride they to the Forum,
 While laurel-boughs and flowers,
 From house-tops and from windows,
 Fall on their crests in showers.

* * * * *

Unto the great Twin Brethren
 Lo ! all the people throng,
 With chaplets and with offerings,
 With music and with song.
 While flows the Yellow River,
 While stands the Sacred Hill,
 The proud Ides of Quintillis
 Shall have such honour still."

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

On the subject of chaplets and garlands so much has been said and written, that we might fill a volume with mere quotations ; by the ancients beauty and divinity were alike

crowned with them—the objects of their earthly love, and of their unearthly adoration ; they have equally graced the altar and domestic hearth ; the temple, the palace, and the cottage ; and even down to the present day, wherever shrines and images are set up as visible manifestations of things holy and invisible, there do wreaths and garlands of flowers continue to be offered and suspended ; and among those who, like ourselves, reject as sinful, or, at least quite unnecessary, all created forms and vain representations of the Deity, they are considered as the fittest ornaments of female loveliness and childish innocence ; and the most beautiful objects wherewith we can regale the senses in seasons of festivity and rejoicing. In the old ballad of “ St. George and the Dragon,” this verse occurs :—

“ Nay, stay, my dear daughter, quoth the queen,
And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for virtue famous been,
So let me clothe thee all in white ;
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet.”

PERCY RELIQUES.

This maiden was to be offered as a propitiatory sacrifice to the Dragon, and thus, like the victim of the pagan ceremonial, went to her death with floral decorations. So, when the fair Serena was surprised by the "Savage men," and condemned to be slain,—

"The priest himself a garland did compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
His bloody vessels wash and holy fire prepare.

FAIRIE QUEEN.

While those who eagerly waited the consummation of the horrid rite it is said,—

"Of few green turfes an altar soon they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowers which they nigh
hand obtained."

FAIRIE QUEEN.

Then, again, are we not told of the Knight Sir Calidore, that during his tarriancee amid the shepherds, he,—

"Saw a farie damzell, which did wear a crown
Of sundry flowers, with silken ribbands tied,
Yclad in home-made greene that her own hands
had dyde."

FAIRIE QUEEN.

And did not the same knight, "one day as he did range the fields abroad," behold in the midst of a goodly band of dancers, one who—

"Seemed all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crowned with a rosie girlond, that right well
Did her beseeme; and ever as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowers that far did
 smell,
And fragrant odours they upon her threw."

FAIRIE QUEEN.

As we look upon these pictures we are transported in fancy to Arcadian fields and groves; the green valley and the sparkling rivulet are before us; the sound of the shepherd's pipe, the soft bleating of the sheep, and the drowsy hum of the wild-bees meet our ears, while the perfume of the thyme and other odoriferous plants and flowers steal over the senses with a soothing influence, like slumber; we dream, yet we are awake; we behold realities as though they were but phantoms—creatures of imagination. All is shadowy, indistinct, yet full of beauty and intelligence. Lo, you now,

yon happy-looking group of men and women, laden with bright-hued blossoms and verdant boughs, piping and singing so merrily as they cross the plain. Let us question him who sits watching his sheep by the stream that glides so glassily along the foot of the green hill,—

“ From whence come all these shepherd swains
And lovely nymphs attired in green ?”

Hark, he answers,—

“ From gathering garlands on the plains
To crown our fair, the shepherds' queen.”

Nearer they come, yet nearer, and now the words of their song can be distinguished :—

“ Bring hither the pinke and purple columbine,
 With gillyflowers :
Bring sweet carnations, and sops in wine,
 Worn of paramours.

Strew me the ground with daff-a-down-dillies,
 And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lilies,
 The pretty paunce,
 And the chevisaunce,
 Shall match with the flower-de-luce."

M. DRAYTON.

Let us follow the singers through yon grove
 of myrtles into the open space beyond, where
 upon a grassy hillock, a throne is erected, of
 turf, overarched with boughs reft from the
 neighbouring trees, and literally covered with
 wreaths and clusters of the fairest flowers ;
 and lo, the queen !—

"See where she sits upon the grassie greene,
 A seemly sight!
 Yelad in scarlet, like a mayden queene,
 And ermines white.
 Upon her head a crimson coronet,
 With daffodils and damask roses set ;
 Bay leaves betweene,
 And primroses greene
 Embellish the sweete violet."

SPENCER.

We take leave of this portion of our subject
 with the words of the sweetest of Spanish
 poets :—

“This lucid fount whose murmurs fill the mind,
The verdant forests waving with the wind;
The odours wafted from the mead, the flowers
In which the wild bee sits and sings for hours;
These might the moodiest misanthrope employ,
Make sound the sick, and turn distress to joy.”

GRACILASSO DE LA VEGA.

DIRECTIONS.

1. A flower presented with leaves on its stem expresses affirmatively the sentiment of which it is the emblem ;—stripped of its leaves it has a negative meaning :—if the plant be flowerless, the latter is expressed by cutting the tops off the leaves.
2. When a flower, is given, the pronoun *I* is implied by inclining it to the *left*, and the word *thou* by inclining it to the *right*.
3. If an answer to a question is implied by the gift of a flower, presenting it to the right hand gives an affirmative, and to the left a negative reply
4. The position in which a flower is worn may alter its meaning—on the head it conveys one sentiment, as *Caution* ; on the breast another, as *Remembrance* or *Friendship* ; and over the heart a third, as *Love*.
5. If the flower be sent, the knot of the ribbon or silk with which it is tied should be on the left as you look at the front of the blossoms, to express *I* or *me* ; and on the front *thee* or *thou*.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

PART THE FIRST.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Abecedary	Volubility.
Acacia	Chaste Love.
Acacia Pink	Elegance
Acanthus	The Arts.
Achillea Millefolia	War.
Aconite-leaved Crow- foot, or Fair Maid of France	Lustre.
Adonis	Sorrowful remembrance,
Almond	Heedlessness.
Aloe	Acute Sorrow or Afflic- tion.
Althæa Frutex	Persuasion.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Alyssum, Sweet	Worth beyond Beauty.
Amaranth	Immortality. Unfading Love.
Amaranth, Globe	Unchangeable.
Amaryllis	Pride.
Ambrosia	Love returned.
American Cowslip	Pensiveness.
American Elm	Patriotism.
American Linden	Matrimony.
American Starwort	Welcome to a Stranger.
Anemone	Sickness.
Angelica	Inspiration.
Angree	Royalty.
Apocynum	Falsehood.
Apple	Temptation.
Apple-tree Blossom	Fame speaks him great and good.
Arbor Vitæ	Unchanging friendship.
Arum, Wake Robin	Ardour.
Asclepias	Cure for the Heart-ache.
Ash	Grandeur.
Ash-leaved Trumpet Flower	Separation.
Aspen Tree	Lamentation.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Asphodel	My regret will follow you to the grave.
Auricula	Painting.
Azalea	Temperance.
Bachelor's Button	Single blessedness.
Balm	Sympathy.
Balm of Gilead	A cure.
Balsam	Impatience.
Bar-berry	Sourness
Basil	Hatred.
Bay-berry	Instruction.
Bay-leaf	I change but in dying.
Bay-wreath	The Reward of Merit.
Bear's-breech	Art.
Beech Tree	Grandeur.
Bell Flower	Constancy.
Belvidere	I declare against you.
Bee Orchis	Industry.
Betony	Surprise.
Birch	Gracefulness.
Bird Cherry	Hope.
Bird's foot Trefoil	Revenge.
Bearded Crepis	Protection.
Black Poplar	Courage.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Black Thorn	Difficulty.
Bladder Senna	Frivolous Amusements.
Bluebottle Centuary	Delicacy.
Blue flowered Greek Valerian	Rupture.
Blue Pyramidal Bell Flower	Constancy.
Bonus Henricus	Goodness.
Borage	Bluntness or roughness of manners.
Box	Stoicism.
Bramble	Remorse.
Branch of Currants	You please all.
Branch of Thorns	Severity or Rigor.
Bryony	Prosperity.
Buck-bean	Calm Repose.
Bud of a White Rose	A Heart ignorant of Love.
Bugloss	Falsehood.
Bundle of Reeds with their Panicles	Music.
Buttercup	Childishness. Riches.
Butterfly Orchis	Gaiety.
Cabbage	Profit.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Calla Ethiopica	Feminine modesty.
Calycanthus	Benuevolence.
Canary Grass	Perseverance.
Candy-tuft	Architecture.
Canterbury Bell	Gratitude.
Cardamine	Paternal Error.
Catesby's Star-Wort	After-thought.
Cardinal's Flower	Distinction.
Catalpa Tree	Beware of the Coquette.
Catch Fly	Youthful Love.
Cedar of Lebanon	Incorruptible.
Cedar Trees	Strength.
Chamomile	Energy in Adversity.
Chequered Fritillary	Persecution.
Cherry Tree Blossom	Spiritual Beauty.
Chesnut Tree	Render me Justice.
China Aster or Chi- nese Starwort	Variety.
China or India Pink	Aversion.
China Rose	Beauty always new.
Chinese Chrysanthe- mum	Cheerfulness under ad- versity.
Cistus, or Rock Rose	Popular Favour.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Cœao	Gossip.
Cock's Comb or Crest- ed Amaranth	Singularity.
Colcichum or Meadow Saffron	My best days are past.
Coltsfoot	Maternal Care.
Columbine	Folly.
Common Cactus or In- dian Fig	I burn.
Convolvulus Major	Extinguished Hopes.
Convolvulus Minor	Night.
Corchorus	Impatience of Absence.
Coriopsis	Love at First Sight.
Coriander	Concealed Merit.
Coronilla	Success Crown your wishes.
Cowslip	Pensiveness. Attractive grace.
Cranberry	Hardiness.
Creeping Cereus	Horror.
Crocus	Smiles. Cheerfulness.
Cross at Jerusalem	Devotion.
Crown Imperial	Majesty and Power.
Crown of Roses	Reward of Merit.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Cuckoo-pint	Ardour.
Cyclamen	Diffidence.
Cypress	Despair.
Cypress Tree	Death and eternal Sorrow.
Daffodil	Deceitful Hope.
Dahlia	Instability.
Daisy	Beauty & Innocence.
— Double	I partake your Senti- ments.
— Ox Eye	A Token.
— Wild	Innocence.
Damask Rose	Freshness of complexion.
Dandelion	Oracle.
Daphne Odora	Sweets to the Sweet.
Darnel or Ray Grass	Vice.
Day Lily	Coquetry.
Dew Plant	Serenade.
Diosma	Inutility.
Dittany	Birth.
Dock	Patience.
Dodder of Thyme	Business.
Dogwood, or Cornel- Tree	Durability.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Dragon Plant	Snare.—The Betrayer.
Dried Flax	Utility.
Ebony	Blackness.
Eglantine, or Sweet- Briar	Poetry.
Elder	Zealousness.
Elm	Dignity.
Enchanter's Night- shade	Witchcraft.
Endive	Frugality.
Eupatorium	Delay.
Ever-flowing Candy tuft	Indifference.
Evergreen	Poverty.
Evergreen Thorn	Solace in Adversity.
Everlasting	Never-ceasing Remem- brance.
Everlasting Pea	Lasting Pleasure.
Fennel	Worthy all Praise.
Fern (Flowering)	Fascination.
Fern	Sincerity.
Fig	Argument.
Fig Marigold	Idleness.
Fig-Tree	Prolific.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Filbert	Reconciliation.
Fir	Time.
Flax	Fate.
Flax-leaved Goldy- Locks	Tardiness.
Flower of an Hour	Delicate Beauty.
Flowering Reed	Confidence in Heaven.
Fly Orchis	Error.
Forget-me-not	True Love.
Fox-glove	South.
Frankincense	The incense of a Faithful Heart.
French Honeysuckle	Rustic Beauty.
French Marigold	Jealousy.
French Willow	Bravery and Humanity.
Frog Ophrys	Disgust.
Full Blown Eglantine	Simplicity.
Full Blown Rose	Beauty.
Fuller's Teasel	Importunity.
Fumitory	Spleen.
Fuschia, Scarlet	Taste.
Garden Marigold	Uneasiness.
Garden Ranunculus	You are rich in attrac- tions.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Garden Sage	Esteem.
Gentian	Virgin Pride.
Genista	Neatness.
Geranium, Dark	Melancholy.
————— Nutmeg	An unexpected Meeting.
————— Pink	Preference.
————— Scarlet	Comforting.
————— Silver leaved	Recall.
Germander Speedwell	Facility.
Gilly-Flower	Bonds of Affection.
Glory-Flower	Glorious Beauty.
Goat's Rue	Reason.
Golden Rod	Precaution.
Good King Henry	Goodness.—Same plant as Bonus Henricus.
Gooseberry	Anticipation.
Gourd	Extent, Bulk.
Grape, Wild	Charity.
Great Bindweed	Dangerous insinuation.
Great Flowered Even- ing Primrose	Inconstancy.
Guelder Rose	Winter or Age
Hare-Bell	Delicate & lonely as this flower, Submission.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Hawk-weed	Quick-sightedness.
Hawthorn	Hope.
Hazel	Reconciliation.
Heart's Ease or Pansy	You occupy my thoughts
Heath	Solitude.
Helenium	Tears.
Heliotrope	Devoted to you.
Hellebore	Calumny.
Hemlock	You will cause my death.
Hemp	Fate.
Henbane	Imperfection.
Hapatia	Confidence.
Hibiscus	Delicate Beauty.
Hoarbound	Frozen Kindness.
Holly	Foresight.
Hollyherb	Enchantment.
Hollyhock	Fecundity.
Honesty	Honesty.
Honeyflower	Love, sweet and secret.
Honeysuckle	Bond of Love. Sweet- ness of Disposition.
———— Wild	Inconstancy in Love.
Hop	Injustice.
Hornbeam Tree	Ornament.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Horse Chesnut	Luxuriancey.
House Leek	Vivacity. Domestic Industry.
Houstonia	Content.
Hoya	Sculpture.
Humble Plant	Despondency.
Hundred-leaved Rose	Grace.
Hyacinth	Play, or Games.
Hydrangea	Boaster.
Hyssop	Cleanly.
Iceland Moss	Health.
Ice Plant	You freeze me.
Indian Cress	Resignation.
Iris	Message.
Ivy	Fidelity.
Japan Rose	Beauty is your only attraction.
Jonquil	Desire.
Judas Tree	Unbelief.
Juniper	Asylum.
Justicia	The Perfection of Female Loveliness.
Kennedia	Mental Beauty.
King-cup	I wish I was rich.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Laburnum	Pensive Beauty.
Lady's Slipper	Capricious Beauty.
Larkspur	Levity.
Laurel	Glory.
Laurel Common in Flower	Perfidy.
Laurel-leaved Mag- nolia	Dignity.
Laurustinus	I die if I'm neglected.
Lavender	Assiduity.
Lemon	Zest.
Lettuce	Cold-hearted.
Lichen	Solitude.
Lilae	Forsaken.
Lilly of the Valley	Return of Happiness.
Lime or Linden Tree	Conjugal Fidelity.
Live Oak	Liberty.
Lobelia	Arrogance.
Locust	Vicissitude.
London Pride	Frivolity.
Lotus-Flower	Silence.
Love in a Mist	Perplexity.
Love in a puzzle	Embarrassment.
Love lies bleeding	Hopeless not Heartless.
Lucerne	Life.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Lupine	Voraciousness.
Lychnis	Religious Enthusiasm.
Lythrum	Pretension.
Madder	Calumny.
Madwort, Rock	Tranquillity.
Maize	Plenty.
Mallow	Sweet Disposition.
Mandrake	Rarity.
Maple	Reserve.
Marjoram	Blushes.
Marshmallow	Humanity.
Marvel of Peru	Timidity.
Marygold	Despair.
May Rose	Precocity.
Meadow Saffron	My best days are past.
Meadow Sweet	Uselessness.
Mercury	Goodness.
Mesembryanthemum	Idleness.
Mezereou	Desire to please. Coquette.
Michaelmas Daisy	Cheerfulness in old age.
Milfoil, or Yarrow	War.
Mignonette	Your qualities surpass charms.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Milk Vetch	Your presence softens my pain.
Mimosa	Sensitiveness.
Mint	Virtue.
Mistletoe	Obstacles to be over- come or surmounted.
Mock Orange	Counterfeit.
Monk's Hood	Knight-errantry.
Moschatell	Weakness.
Moss	Recluse.
Moss Rose	Voluptuous Love.
Mosses	Ennui.
Mossy Saxifrage	Maternal Love.
Motherwort	Concealed Love.
Mountain Ash	Prudence.
Mouse Ear Chick- weed	Ingenious simplicity.
Mouse Ear Scorpion Grass	Forget-me-not.
Moving Plant	Agitation.
Mulberry Tree	Wisdom.
Mushroom	Suspicion.
Musk Rose	Capricious beauty.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Myrtle	Love.
Narcissus	Self-esteem.
Nasturtium	Patriotism.
Nettle	Slander.
Night-blooming cereus	Transient beauty. True affection, wealth of.
Oak	Hospitality.
Oats	The witching soul of music.
Oleander	Beware.
Olive	Peace.
Orchis.	A Belle.
Orange Flowers	Chastity. Bridal festivity.
Orange Tree	Generosity.
Osier	Frankness.
Ox-eye	Obstacle.
Palm	Victory.
Parsley	Feast or banquet.
Passion-flower	Religious superstition.
Patience Dock	Patience.
Pea	An appointed meeting.
Peach Blossom	I am your captive.
Penny Royal	Flee away.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Peony	Shame.
Pepper Plant	Satire.
Periwinkle	Pleasures of memory.
Persicaria	Restoration.
Persimon	Bury me amid Nature's Beauties.
Peruvian Heliotrope	Intoxicated with plea- sure.—Devotion.
Pheasant's Eye or Floss	
Adonis.	Remembrance.
Phlox.	Unanimity.
Pimpernel	Assignment.
Pine	Pity.
Pine Apple	You are perfect.
Plane Tree	Genius.
Plum Tree	Independence.
Polyanthus	Confidence.
Pomegranate	Foolishness.
Poppy	Oblivion. Consolation to the Sick.
Prickly Pear	Satire.
Pride of China	Dissension.
Primrose	Youth.—Early days.
Privet	Defence.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Purple Clover	Provident.
Pyrus Japonica	Fairies' Fire.
Quamoclet	Busybody.
Queen's Rocket	You are the Queen of Coquettes.
Ragged Robin	Wit.
Raspberry	Envy.
Red Bay	Love's Memory.
Red Mulberry	Wisdom.
Red Pink	Lively and pure love.
Rhododendron	Danger.
Rocket	Rivalry.
Rose	Genteel, pretty.
Rose, Acacia	Elegance.
Rosebay Willow Herb	Celibacy.
Rosemary	Fidelity. Remembrance.
Rudbeckia	Justice.
Rue	Grace, or Purification.
Rush	Docility.
Sage	Domestic Virtue.
Saffron Flower	Do not abuse.
Saffron Crocus	Mirth.
Sardony	Irony.
Scabious	Unfortunate attachment.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Scarlet Flowered Ipomœa	Attachment.
Scarlet Geranium	Preference.
Scarlet Ipomœa	I attach myself to you.
Scarlet Nasturtium	Splendour.
Scotch Fir	Elevation.
Sensitive Plant	Bashful modesty. Delicate feelings.
Shamrock	Light-heartedness : also the Emblem of Ireland.
Siberian Crab Tree	
Blossom	Deeply Interesting.
Silver Fir	Elevation.
Small Bindweed	Obstinaey.
Small White Violet	Candour and Innocence.
Small White Bell	
Flower	Gratitude.
Snap Dragon	Presumption.
Snow Ball	Thoughts of Heaven.
Snow Drop	Consolation. Adventurous Friendship.
Sorrel	War ill-timed.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Sorrel, Wild	Parental Affection.
Sorrowful Geranium	Sorrowful remembrance
Southern Wood	Jest or Bantering.
Spanish Jasmine	Sensuality.
Speedwell	Female Fidelity.
———— Spiked	Resemblance.
Spider Orphys	Adroitness.
———— Wort	Transient Happiness.
Spiræ Hypericum Fru- tex	Uselessness.
Spring Caroline	Disappointment.
Squirting Cucumber	Critic.
St. John's Wort	Superstitious Sanctity.
Star of Bethlehem	The light of our path.
Stinging Nettle	Cruelty.
Stock, or Gillyflower	Lasting Beauty.
Straw, whole	Union.
Strawberry	Perfect Goodness.
Striped Pink	Refusal.
Sumach	Splendour.
Sunflower	False Riches.
———— Tall	Lofty and pure thoughts
———— Dwarf	Your devoted Adorer.
Swallow Wort	Medicine.
Sweet Briar	Poetry.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Sweet Flag	Fitness.
— Pea	Delicate Pleasure. De- parture.
— Scabious	Widowhood.
Sweet Sultan	Felicity.
— Seented Tussilago	You shall have Justice.
— William	Craftiness.
Sycamore	Woodland Beauty.
Syringa	Memory.
Tamarisk	Crime.
Tansy	Resistance.
Teasel	Misanthropy.
Ten Week's Stock	Promptitude.
Thistle, common	Austerity.
Thorn Apple	Deceitful Charms.
Thrift	Mutual Sensibility.
Throat Wort	Neglected Beauty.
Thyme	Activity.
Tiger Flower.	For once may Pride be- friend me.
Traveller's Joy	Safety.
Tree of Life	Old Age.
Tuberose	I have seen a lovely Girl.
Tulip Red	Declaration of Love.
Tulip Variegated	Beautiful Eyes.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Tulip Tree	Fame.
Turnip	Charity.
Valerian	Accommodating Disposition.
Various Coloured Lantana	Rigour.
Venetian Sumach	Intellectual excellence.
Venus's Fly Trap	Deceit.
—— Looking Glass	Flattery.
Verbena	Sensibility.
Vernal Grass	Poor but Happy.
Vervain	Superstition.
Vetch Bush	Shyness.
Vine	Drunkenness.
Violet Sweet	Modesty.
Violet Yellow	Rural Happiness.
—— Blue	Faithfulness.
—— Dame	Watchfulness.
Virgin's Bower	Artifice.
Virginian Spider Wort	Momentary Happiness.
Volkamenica Japonica	May you be Happy.
Wall Flower.	Fidelity in Misfortune.
—— Speedwell	Fidelity.
Walnut	Intellect.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Walter Melon	Bulkiness.
Wax Plant	Susceptibility.
Wheat	Riches.
Whin	Anger.
White Jasmine	Amiability.
— Lily	Purity and Modesty.
— Mullen	Good nature.
— Oak	Independence.
— Pink	Talent.
— Poplar	Time.
— Rose, Dried	Death preferable to loss of innocence.
— Violet	Purity of sentiment.
Wortle Berry	Treason.
Willow	Forsaken.
— Water	Freedom.
— Weeping	Melancholy.
— Creeping	Love forsaken.
— Herb	Pretension.
Winter Cherry	Deception.
Witch Hazel	A spell.
Woodbine	Fraternal Love.
Wood Sorrel	Maternal Tenderness.
Wormwood	Absence.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Xanthium, Clot Bur	Rudeness.
Yellow Carnation	Disdain.
—— Day Lily	Coquetry.
—— Gentian	Ingratitude.
—— Iris	Flame of Love.
—— Rose	Infidelity.
Yew	Sorrow.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

PART THE SECOND,

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
A Belle	Orchis.
Absence	Wormwood
Accommodating Dis- position	Valerian.
Activity	Thyme.
Acute Sorrow or Af- fliction	Aloe.
Adroitness	Spider Orphys.
After-thought	Catesby's Star-Wort.
Agitation	Moving Plant.
Amiable	White Jasmine.
An appointed meeting	Pea.
Anger	Whin.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Anticipation	Gooseberry.
Architecture	Candy-Tuft.
Ardour	Cuckoo-pint. Arum.
Argument	Fig.
Arrogance	Lobelia.
Art	Bear's-breech.
Arts, The	Acanthus.
Artifice	Virgin's Bower.
A Spell	Witch Hazel.
Assiduity	Lavender.
Assignation	Pimpernel.
Asylum	Juniper.
Attachment	Scarlet Flowered Ipomœna
Attractive Grace	Cowslip.
Austerity	Common Thistle.
Aversion	China or Indian Pink.
Bashful modesty—Delicate feelings	Sensitive Plant.
Bashful Shame	Peony.
Beauty	Full-blown Rose.
Beauty always new	China Rose
Beauty is your only attraction	Japan Rose.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Beautiful eyes	Variegated Tulip
Benevolence	Calyceanthus.
Betrayer, The	Dragon Plant
Beware	Oleander.
Beware of the Co- quette	Catalpa Tree.
Birth	Dittany.
Blackness	Ebony.
Bluntness of manners	Borage.
Blushes	Marjoram.
Boaster	Hydrangea.
Bond of Love	Honeysuckle.
Bonds of Affection	Gilly-Flower.
Bravery and humility	French Willow.
Bulkiness	Water-Melon.
Bury me and Na- ture's beauties	Persimon.
Business	Dodder of Thyme.
Busybody	Quamolet.
Calm repose	Buekbean.
Calumny	Hellebore. Madder.
Candour and Inno- cence	Small white violet.
Capricious beauty	Musk rose.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Celibacy	Rosebay. Willow herb.
Charity	Wild Grape.
Chaste love	Acacia.
Chastity	Orange flower.
Cheerfulness	Crocus.
Cheerfulness in old age	Michaelmas daisy.
Cheerfulness in adversity	Chinese Chrysanthemum
Childishness	Butter-cup.
Cleanly	Hyssop.
Cold-hearted	Lettuce.
Comforting	Scarlet geranium.
Complaisance	Common reed.
Concealed love	Motherwort.
Concealed merit	Coriander.
Confidence	Hepatica. Polyanthus.
Confidence in heaven	Flowering reed.
Conjugal fidelity	Lime or Linden tree.
Conclusion	Snow-drop.
Consolation to the sick	Poppy.
Constancy	Blue pyramid bellflower
Content	Houstonia.
Coquetry	Yellow day lily.
Counterfeit	Mock orange.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Courage	Black poplar.
Craftiness	Sweet William.
Crime	Tamarisk.
Critic	Squirting Cucumber.
Cruelty	Stinging nettle.
Cure, A	Balm of Gilead.
Cure for the heart-ache	Asclepias.
Danger	Rhododendron.
Dangerous	Insinuation
Death and eternal sor-	Great Bindweed:
row	Cypress Tree.
Death preferable to	
loss of innocence	White rose dried:
Deceit	Venus's fly trap.
Deceitful charms	Thorn apple.
Deceitful Hope	Daffodil.
Deception	Winter cherry.
Declaration of Love	Red Tulip.
Deeply interesting	Siberian crab-tree blos-
	som.
Defence	Privet.
Delay	Eupatorium.
Delicacy	Blue-bottle centaury

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Delicate and lovely as this flower	Harebell.
Delicate beauty	Hibiscus. Flower of an hour.
Delicate pleasure	Sweet pea.
Desire	Jonquil.
Desire to please	Mezereon.
Despair	Cypress. Marigold.
Despondency	Humble plant.
Devoted to you	Heliotrope.
Devotion	Cross of Jerusalem.
Difficulty	Black thorn.
Diffidence	Byelamen.
Dignity	Elm. Laurel-leaved magnolia.
Disappointment	Spring caroline.
Disdain	Yellow carnation.
Disgust	Frog Orphrys.
Dissension	Pride of China.
Distinction	Cardinal's flower.
Docility	Rush.
Domestic industry	Houseleek.
Domestic virtue	Sage.
Do not abuse	Saffron flower.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Drunkenness	Vine.
Durability	Dogwood or Cornel Tree.
Early youth	Primrose.
Elegance	Acacia Pink.
Elevation	Silver Fir.
Embarrassment	Love in a puzzle.
Enchantment	Hollyherb.
Energy in adversity	Camomile.
Ennui	Mosses.
Envy	Raspberry.
Error	Fly Orehis.
Esteem	Garden sage.
Extent, bulk	Gourd.
Extinguished hopes	Convolvulus major.
Facility	Germander speedwell.
Falsehood	Apocynum. Bugloss.
False riches	Sun Flower.
Fame speaks him great and good	Apple-tree blossom.
Fascination	Flowering Fern.
Fate	Flax.
Feast or banquet	Parsley.
Fecundity	Hollyhock.
Felicity.	Sweet Sultan.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Female fidelity	Wall speedwell. Rose- mary.
Feminine modesty	Calla Æthiopica.
Fidelity in friendship	Ivy.
Fidelity in misfortune	Wall-flower.
Fitness	Sweet-flag.
Flame of love	Yellow Iris.
Flee away	Penny Royal.
Fraternal love	Woodbine.
Freedom	Water Willow.
Frozen Kindness.	Hoarhound.
Flattery	Venus's looking-glass.
Folly	Columbine.
Foolishness	Pomegranite.
Foresight	Holly.
Forget-me-not	Mouse-ear scorpion- grass.
For once may pride befriend me	Tiger flower.
Forsaken	Lilac. Willow.
Frankness	Osier.
Fresh complexion	Damask Rose.
Friendship	Acacia Rose.
Frivolity	London Pride.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Frivolous Amuse- ments	Bladder Senna.
Frugality	Endive.
Gaiety	Butterfly Orchis.
Generosity	Orange tree.
Genius	Plane tree.
Genteel	Rose.
Glorious Beauty	Glory Flower.
Glory	Laurel.
Good education	Cherries.
Good nature	White Mullein.
Goodness	Bonus Henricus. Good Henry.
Gossip	Cobcena.
Grace	Hundred-leaved rose.
Gracefulness	Birch.
Grandeur	Ash. Beech tree.
Gratitude	Small white bell flower.
Hardiness	Cranberry.
Hatred	Basil.
Heart ignorant of love	Bud of a white rose.
Health	Iceland moss.
Heedlessness	Almond.
Honesty	Honesty.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Hope	Bird cherry. Hawthorn.
Hopeless not heartless	Love lies bleeding.
Horror	Creeping Cerus.
Hospitality	Oak
Humanity	Marshmallow.
I am your captive	Peach blossom.
I attach myself to you	Scarlet Ipomœa.
I burn	Common Cactus.
I change but in dying	Bay-leaf.
I declare against you	Belvidere.
I die if I'm neglected	Laurustinus.
Idleness	Mesembryanthemum. Fig Marigold.
I have seen a lovely girl	Tuberose.
Immortality	Amaranth.
Impatience	Balsam.
Impatience of absence	Borehorus.
Imperfection	Henbane.
Importunity	Juller's Teasel.
Inconstancy	Great flowered evening primrose.
Inconstancy in love	Wild honeysuckles.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Incorruptible	Cedar of Lebanon.
Independence	Plum tree. White oak.
Indifference	Ever-flowering eandy tuft.
Indiscretion.	Split Reed.
Industry	Bee Orchis.
I shall ne'er look upon his like again	Rhododendron.
Infidelity	Yellow rose.
Ingenius' simplicity	Mouse-ear chickweed.
Ingratitude	Yellow gentian.
Injustice	Hop.
Innocence	Wild daisy.
Innocence and beauty	Daisy.
Inspiration	Angelica
Instability	Dahlia.
Instruction	Bayberry.
Intellect	Walnut.
Intellectual excellence	Venetian Smach.
Intoxicated with plea- sure	Peruvian Heliotrope.
Inutility	Diosma.
I partake your senti- ments	Double daisy.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Irony	Sardony.
Single Blessedness	Bachelor's button.
I wish I was rich	King cup.
Jealousy	French Marigold.
Jest or bantering	Southern wood.
Justice	Rudbeckia.
Knight-errantry	Monk's hood.
Lamentation	Aspen tree.
Lasting Beauty	Gillyflower.
Lasting pleasure	Everlasting pea.
Levity	Larkspur.
Liberty	Live oak.
Life	Lueerne.
Light-heartedness	Shamrock.
Lively and pure love	Red Pink.
Love	Myrtle.
— at first sight	Cariopsis.
— forsaken	Creeping Willow.
— match, A	London Pride.
— returned	Ambrosia.
— sweet and secret	Honey-flower.
Love's memory	Red bay.
Lustre	Aeonite leaved erowfoot
Luxuriance	Horse Chesnut.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Majesty and power	Crown imperial.
Maternal care	Coltsfoot.
———— love	Mossy saxifrage.
———— tenderness	Wood sorrel.
Matrimony	American Linden.
May you be blessed though I be miser- able	Volkamenica japonica.
Medicine	Swallow-wort.
Melancholy	Dark geranium.
Melancholy lover	Weeping Willow.
Memory	Mock orange. Syringa.
Mental Beauty	Kennedia.
Message	Iris.
Mirth	Saffron crocus.
Misanthropy	Teasel.
Modesty	Sweet violet.
Momentary happiness	Virgin spider-wort.
Music	Bundle of reeds with their panicles.
Mutual Sensibility	Thrift.
My best days are past	Colehium. Meadow saffron.
My heart bleeds for you	Camelia Japonica.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
My regret will follow you to the grave	Asphodel.
Neatness	Genista.
Neglected beauty	Throatwort.
Never-ceasing remem- brance	Everlasting.
Night	Convolvulus Minor.
Oblivion	Poppy.
Obstacle	Ox eye.
Obstinacy	Small bindweed.
Old age	Tree of life.
Oraele	Dandelion.
Ornament	Hornbean tree.
Obstacles to be over- come	Mistletoe.
Painting	Auricula.
Parental affection	Wild sorrel.
Participation	Double daisy.
Paternal error	Cardamine.
Patience	Patience doek.
Patriotism	American elm. Nas- turtium.
Peace	Olive.
Pensive beauty	Laburnum.
Pensiveness	American cowslip.

Perfect goodness	Strawberry.
Perfidy	Common laurel flower.
Perplexity	Love in a mist.
Persecution	Chequered Fritillary.
Perseverance	Canary grass.
Persuasion	Althæa frutex.
Pity	Pine.
Play, or Games	Hyacinth.
Pleasures of memory	Periwinkle.
Plenty	Maize.
Poetry	Eglantine, sweetbriar.
Poor but happy	Vernal grass.
Popular favour	Cistus or rock rose.
Poverty	Evergreen Clematis
Precaution	Golden rod.
Precocity	May rose.
Preference	Scarlet Geranium.
Presumption	Snap Dragon.
Pretension	Lythrum. Willow herb
Pride	Amaryllis.
Profit	Cabbage.
Prolific	Fig-tree.
Promptitude	Ten weeks' stock.
Prosperity	Bryony.
Protection	Bearded Crepis.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Provident	Purple clover.
Prudence	Mountain Ash.
Purification or Grace	Rue.
Purity and modesty	White lily.
Purity of sentiment	White violet.
Quick-sightedness	Hawkweed.
Rarity	Mandrake.
Reason	Goat's rue.
Recall	Silverheaded geranium.
Reeluse	Moss.
Reconciliation	Filbert.
Refusal	Striped pink.
Religious enthusiasm	Lychnis.
Religious superstition	Passion Flower.
Remembrance	Pheasant's eye or floss Adonis.
Remorse	Bramble.
Render me justice	Chesnut tree.
Resemblance	Spiked Speedwell.
Reserve	Maple.
Resignation	Indian cress.
Resistance	Tansy.
Restoration	Persicaria.
Return of happiness	Lilly of the valley.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Revenge	Bird's foot Trefoil.
Reward of virtue	Crown of roses.
Reward of merit	Bay wreath.
Riches	Wheat. Butter cup,
Rigour	Various coloured lantana.
Rivalry	Rocket.
Rudeness.	Angrec.
Royalty	Xanthium. Clot bur.
Rupture	Blue flowered Greek valerian.
Rural Happiness	Yellow violet.
Rustic Beauty	French honeysuckle.
Safety	Traveller's Joy.
Satire	Pepper plant. Prickly pear.
Sculpture	Hoya.
Self-esteem	Narcissus.
Sensibility	Verbena.
Sensitiveness	Mimosa.
Sensuality	Spanish jasmine.
Separation	Ash-leaved trumpet flower.
Serenade	Dew plant.
Severity	Branch of thorns.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
She will be fashionable	Queen's rocket.
Shyness	Vetch bush.
Sickness	Anemone.
Silence	Lotus flower.
Simplicity	Full blown Eglantine.
Sincerity	Fern.
Singularity	Cock's comb, or crested amarinth.
Slander	Nettle.
Sleep of the heart	White poppy.
Smiles	Crocus.
Snare	Dragon plant.
Solace in adversity	Evergreen Thorn.
Solitude	Lichen. Heath.
Sorrow	Yew.
Sorrowful remem- brance	Sorrowful geranium.
Sourness	Barberry.
Spiritual beauty	Cherry-tree blossom.
Splendour	Scarlet nasturtium. Su- mach.
Spleen	Common fumitory.
Stoicism	Box.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Strength	Cedar tree.
Success crown your wishes	Harebell.
Submission	Coronilla.
Superstition	Vervain.
Superstitious sanctity	St. John's Wort.
Surprise	Betony.
Susceptibility	Wax plant.
Suspicion	Mushroom.
Sweet disposition	Mallow.
Sweets to the sweet	Daphne Odora.
Sympathy	Balm.
Talent	White Pink.
Tardiness	Flax-leavedgoldy locks.
Taste	Scarlet fuschia.
Tears.	Helenium.
Temperance	Azalea.
Temptation	Apple.
The incense of a faith- ful heart	Frankincense.
The light of our path	Star of Bethlehem.
The perfection of fe- male loveliness	Juticia.
The witching soul of music	Oats.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Thoughts	Heart's ease.
Thoughts of heaven	Snow bell.
Time	White poplar. Fir.
Timidity	Marvel of Peru.
Token, A	Laurentinus. Double ox-eye.
Tranquillity	Madwort, rock
Transient beauty	Night-blooming Cereus.
———— happiness	Spider wort.
Treason	Whortle berry.
True love	Forget-me-not.
Truth	Bitter sweet night- shade.
Unanimity	Phlox.
Unchangeable	Judas tree.
Unchanging friendship	Globe amaranth.
Uneasiness	Arbor vitæ.
Unexpected meeting	Garden Marigold.
Unfortunate attach- ment	Nutmeg geranium. Scabious.
Union	Whole straw.
Uselessness	Spiræhypericum frutex. Meadow sweet.
Utility	Dried Flax.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Variety	China aster or Chinese starwort.
Vice	Darnel, or ray grass.
Vicissitude	Locust.
Victory	Palm.
Virgin pride	Gentian.
Virtue	Mint.
Vivacity	House leek.
Volubility	Abecedary.
Voluptuous love	Moss Rose.
Voluptuousness	Tuberose.
Voraciousness	Lupine.
Vulgar minds	African marigold.
War	Achillea millefolia. Common milfoil.
Watchfulness	Dame violet.
Weakness	Moschatell.
Welcome to a stranger	American starwort.
Widowhood	Sweet scabious.
Winter, or Age	Guelder Rose.
Wisdom	Red Mulberry.
Wit	Ragged Robin.
Wit, ill-timed	Sorrel.
Witchcraft	Enchanter's nightshade

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Woodland beauty	Sycamore.
Worth beyond beauty	Sweet asylum.
Worthy all praise	Fennel.
You are my divinity	American cowslip.
You are perfect	Pine apple.
You are rich in attractions	Garden ranunculus.
You are the queen of coquettes.	Queen's rocket.
You are without pretensions	Rose campion.
You freeze me	Ice plant.
You occupy my thought	Heart's ease or Pansy.
You please all	Bunch of currants.
Your presence softens	Milk vetch.
Your qualities surpass your charms	Mignonette.
You shall have justice	Sweet-scented tussilago
Youth	Fox glove.
Youthful love	Catch-fly.
You will cause my death	Hemlock.
Zealousness	Elder.
Zest	Lemon.

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